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The Citizen and His Civic Responsibility

BY ANDREW GILLIES

The pillars of the state are falling. What good can a just man do? Psalm 11:3.

IN the verse of our text a statement is made and a question asked. The writer of the psalm says the life of the nation of which he is a part is in danger. "The pillars of the state are falling," he declares. It was imperiled by we know not what, by some thing or things which involved radical changes in its structure and threatened its very existence.

And it involves no distortion of the facts for us to make the same statement today. As a nation we are facing a crisis as perplexing and acute as any faced by any government or people in human history. A few months ago Dr. Fosdick told the millions who were listening in that our capitalistic system of business and industry is on trial. The economic system upon which our whole business structure rests is undergoing the severest test in its history. And if it does not come clean, if it does not make for the greatest good of the greatest number, it will go into the scrap-heap and some other economic system will take its place. That was what Dr. Fosdick said, and he spoke truth. And he might have added that our whole legal system is on trial. Its clumsiness and its inexcusable delays: its widespread corruption and its loopholes for the man with money enough to retain clever counsel; its over-emphasis of property rights as over against personal rights; above all, its archaic, unscientific and inhuman methods of dealing with convicted criminals: all these and many other things about it make our system of law and our administration of justice a hissing and a byword. And that eminent preacher might have added that our whole system of government is on trial. The land of the free and the home of the brave is too free for some and not free enough for others. Our boasted isolationism, with

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its sneers at world courts and its defiance of the whole earth is a blind alley and a dangerous one at that.

Many things are happening which would seem to justify Dean Inge's statement that "a democracy is not the best possible form of government. It is only the least worst thus far." That is what we mean when we say that the pillars of the state are falling. We are involved in a world revolution and our national future depends upon our ability and willingness to learn the lessons which it has to teach us.

But in the face of such a situation, "what good can a just man do?" Granted the facts, just what can the high-minded, conscientious individual do about it? That is the question which the psalmist asked. That is the question which many are asking today. And the answers, it seems to me, are fairly clear.

A True Individualism

In the first place, he can be an individual. He can make use of his God-given powers of analysis and judgment. He can maintain the integrity of his own personality. Two contradictory and conflicting statements are being made right now about American life. One is that we are too individualistic. We are warned that President Hoover was wrong when he exalted our "rugged individualism," that we have gone too far in our "every man for himself" principle, and that national disaster will follow the continuance of it. On the other hand, we are told that we are suffering from the herd mind and mass action, from the domination of the individual by the bigotry, stupidity and intolerance of the mob.

No one else has given such caustic and convincing expression to that theory as has Everett Dean Martin, in his book entitled, "Liberty." Dr. Martin, head of Cooper Union, philosopher, psychologist and educator, says: "Man as individual needs to be protected against man acting as mass." "The long history of the struggle of mankind for freedom is a record of the noblest and most courageous achievements of humanity, with many bright visions doomed to disappointment, many a righteous cause lost in sickening defeat, and every hard won liberty gained at frightful cost and retained only with tireless vigilance. And that," says Dr. Martin, "has always been the work of the liberal-minded few. Throughout history there has been a ceaseless psychological class struggle between the mentally mature and those who have never grown up."

Those are the two conflicting judgments pronounced upon our economic and political life. And, as usual, they are not as contradictory as they seem. Individualism is one thing: individuality is absolutely another. The one connotes the man who puts his own interests first, who demands his rights and goes his way, doing things with only a secondary regard for the public good. Individualism has done some good things for us as a people. It has bred initiative, perseverance, self-reliance, daring. It has also created untold evils: cut-throat competition; human injustices; the exploitation of human beings for gain; special privilege and secret rebates. Little wonder that one man has made the statement, "Selfish individualism, whether for a man or a nation is downright insanity." Individuality, on the other hand, designates a man who makes the largest use of his God-given powers. He will not bow down and worship the modern god, Conformity. He refuses to be stampeded by the hysteria of the mob, the tyranny of the bigoted, the conventions of the credulous, or the fads and fashions of the day. He stands squarely upon his own feet, uses his own brains, acts, not upon impulse or in obedience to convention, but upon intelligent judgment after a knowledge of the facts. Such a man is the true individual, my friends, and let me remind you that by such men has been inaugurated every social movement which has lifted the race to higher levels.

The abolition of slavery began, not in any uprising of the masses or in any popular demand for it. It began when that young New England aristocrat, Wendell Phillips, wrote to a committee who asked for a lecture and said: "I will lecture on 'the Lost Arts' for $250 and expenses. I will lecture on 'The Abolition of Slavery' for nothing and pay my own expenses." It began when the boy, Abraham Lincoln, stood before a slave block in the south, shook his fist at it and said, "If I ever have a chance, I'll hit that thing and hit it hard." It began when William Lloyd Garrison started publishing the Liberator and printed on the editorial page these words: "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

How Slavery Was Abolished

The movement to abolish human slavery on this continent began long before the Revolutionary War. It began when John Woverman, a humble Quaker, saw it in its true light, revolted from it in horror and dedicated his life to persuading his fellow-Quakers to free their slaves and forbid the members of the Quaker meetings to own their fellow men. Historians insist that this one obscure individual did more to free the English-speaking people from that curse than any other human being.

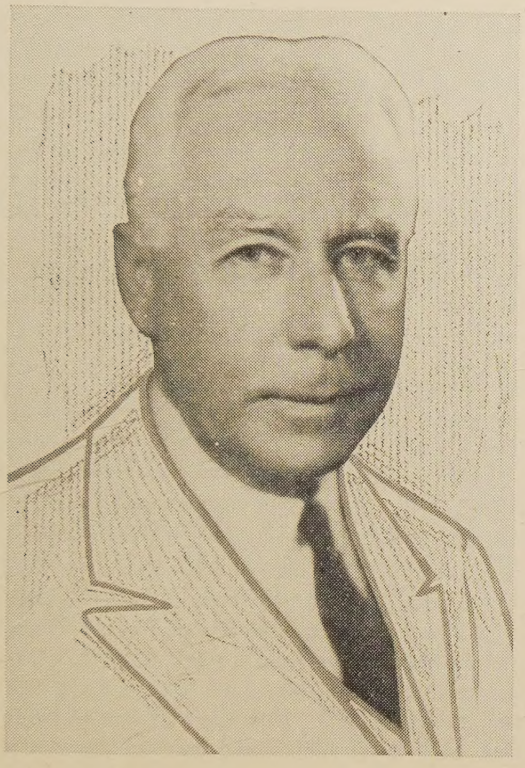
The revolt of the American colonies and the founding of the United States of America were not the result of mass action. One-third of the colonists were against it. More than a third were apathetic and less than a third actually for it. That momentous historical movement was started, directed, and brought to a successful issue by a few clear-thinking, energetic, determined men.

And let me remind you that the Christian religion, the greatest boon ever granted to man, the greatest spiritual force ever known to human experience, was created by a Jewish carpenter, carried on by a handful of Galilean peasants, given its universal scope by a little, bigoted Pharisee, and carried into the courts of hostile governments by a few anonymous nobodies.

That is the story of human progress. Those are the real beginnings of all that is permanent in our civilization. "Whatever moral pioneering has been done in the world has been largely the work, not of groups, but of individual spiritual adventurers, rebels and nonconformists. Revelations never come to groups."

In the second place, the just man, or woman, can be

an open-minded individual. Too many of us involved in this world revolution are still suffering from the closed mind. We are still rendering blind homage to the god of things-as-they-are. We persist in thinking that just because certain ideas and ideals have been held for a long time, therefore they must be true. We furnish too much justification for someone's tart statement that "Some men think they are thinking when they are only rearranging their prejudices." And all the time we forget the clearest and most important teaching in history. We forget that neither life nor knowledge can



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be static. Just as soon as life in any of its aspects becomes static, it decays and dies. It is no longer life. It is death.

A certain country preacher, in the course of a certain sermon, kept using the phrase, the "status quo." It sounded profound, and he loved to hear it. At the close of the service, however, a humble and untutored listener came up to him and said: "Pastor, that was a great sermon. But what is this 'status quo' you talked so much about?"

And the preacher replied glibly: "My brother, the status quo is the Latin for the mess we are in at the present time."

Now, I am not sure that he did not inadvertently stumble upon an important fact. Change is not a luxury. It is a necessity. In the vast majority of cases, it is not something to be dreaded. It is something to be welcomed. It may mean experimentation, adventure, hardship, but it does not mean decay and death. Things go wrong, evils grow and spread, societies and governments and social systems go down to destruction, not when changes come but when they don't come. The church degenerates, and religion loses its appeal, not when scientific discoveries and new ethical values are accepted but when they are denounced and defied.

What did the young man, Jesus, do with the religion in which he was reared? He took all that was fine and true in it and handed it on to us. But much of it he cast into the discard, using these significant words, "Ye have heard it said—but I say unto you." And out of that synthesis of old and new he gave us, as we devoutly believe, the truth concerning God and man and human relationships and human destiny.

What did Paul do with that religion into which he was reborn? He rescued it from becoming another Jewish sect, gave it universal scope, and made it God's redemptive movement for all mankind.

Humility in the Face of Facts

Thomas Henry Huxley once wrote to his friend, Charles Kingsley: "Sit down before facts like a little child. Be prepared to lay aside all your preconceived notions. Follow humbly wherever nature leads, or you will be able to learn nothing." Now that, as I understand it, is what is meant by the scientific mind, that eager search after truth, that receptivity to every new ray of light by means of which we have come into possession of the priceless and growing body of knowledge which is ours today. But it is more. With the modification of one or two words, it becomes the key to all human progress, individual and collective, to the coming of the kingdom of God itself.

We shiver at the word "radical." We use it to brand men as the would-be destroyers of the social order, as a label for every crack-brained revolutionist. But who is the true radical? By the derivation of the word itself, he is the man who goes to the root of things. He is determined to find out what ails human society and to discover the real remedy for its ills. He is the open-minded man, the man who faces up to the facts, who prizes truth above comfortable self-deception, who believes in the efficacy of truth when he has found it and is willing to die, if need be, for it. And only as a growing number of us become radicals in that sense, willing to lay aside all our prejudices, all our pre-conceived notions, to follow humbly wherever the facts may lead, even though we ourselves sink out of sight and become forgotten, only then can our nation fulfill its destiny and the will of God be done on earth as it is in heaven.

And that brings us to our final point. In the midst of the existing chaos and in the face of the stupendous problems in which we find ourselves involved, what can a just man do?

He can be a just man. He can practice what he preaches, found his life upon his faith. In plain terms, he can be a God-filled, God-directed, God-controlled man, with not only an open mind but with positive convictions as a believer in God and good, and with the willingness to die, if need be, for those convictions. The trouble with most of us is that, at heart, we are cowards. We believe in many things that are taught today, in many changes advocated by forward-looking men, but we are afraid. We are afraid of being branded as peculiar, out of stride. We are afraid to assume the

risks involved in individual action. We are afraid to blaze the way to new economic and political and social heights. We are afraid to square our lives with our convictions. And so we pass laws intended to bring in the millennium, and no one takes those laws seriously, and chaos is the result. And never, so long as the world endures, can legislation or anything else be substituted for individual living.

On every side today the cry for leaders is going up. In congress, in the business world, in our courts of justice, in the church of God, in our international relationships, the cry is for leaders. And that cry is significant, it is wise. But what do we mean by leaders? What kind of leadership do we need? The kind that Jesus exerted when he said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me" and, in obedience to that conviction, set his face toward Jerusalem and the cross. The kind that Martin Luther exerted when, in obedience to that vision granted him, as he climbed the Scala Santa on his knees he stood before the Diet at Worms and defied pope and emperor with the words, "Here I stand: I can do no other." The kind that Lord Shaftesbury exerted when he looked at the children of England's poor, toiling twelve, fourteen, sixteen, hours a day in her cotton mills, dedicated his life and wealth to the bettering of their conditions, and, afer thirty-five years of fighting, secured it from a reluctant parliament. We need the kind of leadership that Arthur Nash gave us when, having faith in God and the efficacy of fair dealing, he took a sweatshop of twenty-nine miserably paid foreigners, founded it upon the Golden Rule and built it up to a great factory employing four thousand efficient, contented, and well-paid men and women.

My friends, the great need is not for more laws, but for more high-minded, right-living men. It is not for more pious resolutions and moral gestures, but for more everyday practical action.

Today's New Tasks

Do you believe in the truth and social efficacy of the Golden Rule? Then go to your tasks tomorrow morning, back to your homes at the close of this service, out into life wherever your lot may be cast and practice it. Test your social, business and professional relationships by it. Try it out in your human contacts. Put it into terms of contracts, deals, sales, purchases; into every realm and aspect of life.

Do you believe in world peace? That war should be abolished and that all national, international, and interracial differences should be settled by rational and peaceful means? Then put your personal life on those foundations which make for peace. Put it on the solid and enduring foundation of justice, square dealing, good will and human brotherhood. Look upon your fellow men as brothers and treat them as such. Get all hatred, all ideas of racial superiority, all selfishness and snobbery out of your thoughts, and love and mutual respect and human interest into it.

Do you believe in Jesus Christ and his way of life? In God as Jesus revealed and embodied him? In the life of faith, of self-conquest, of the service of mankind? Then, in God's name, let that belief become more than intellectual assent to lifeless theories. Let it become vital and dominant in all that you do and are—determining your decisions, modifying your motives, saturating your spirit, transforming your character.

Do those things, and no one but God himself knows what results will follow. All the forces of evil cannot stop what you have begun. Personality is power, the greatest spiritual power known to man since time began to be. Integrity is infectious, just as infectious as the measles or the scarlet fever. Courage is contagious. It spreads from individual to group like a prairie fire. The greatest instrumentality for righteousness, truth, and justice ever used by God Almighty is righteousness, truth, and justice, set on two legs and started on the highway of human life, along the road of human affairs.

Personal Salvation and World Outlook

By Albert D. Belden

You have stripped off the old nature with its practices and put on the new nature which is renewed in the likeness of the Creator . . . . There is no room in that for Greek and Jew, circumcised and uncircumcised, barbarian, Scythian, slave and free man. Christ is in everything, and everywhere. Colossians 3:9-11.

IN this graphic passage of his letter to the Colossians, St. Paul brings together these two essential factors of a sound Christianity, personal salvation and world outlook. He writes dramatically: "Tell one another no lies;" (and he might have added "tell yourselves none either") "you have stripped off the old nature with its practices and put on the new nature which is renewed in the likeness of the Creator . . . . There is no room in that for Greek and Jew, circumcised and uncircumcised, barbarian, Scythian, slave and free man. Christ is in everything and everywhere." In other words, the great apostle claims that it is idle to boast of personal salvation in Christ unless you find it brings you to a world outlook of brotherhood and universal love. It is false to imagine that you can be truly saved individually if you remain socially callous and inhibited by the world's selfish snobbery of class or race. This is a momentous declaration especially in these days when so many in the churches are vainly imagining that they can concentrate upon a personal gospel and ignore the great social issues and iniquities.

There are two types of people who are committing the folly of hugging a half-truth and reducing themselves to futility in so doing. There is the one type who are never tired of saying that you will never get the world right until everybody is evangelized and soundly converted, and there is the other type who say you will never do any good until social environment is altered and society drastically reorganized. Just as long as these two masses of well-intentioned but sadly mistaken people continue in their half-policy pulling against one another and canceling out each other's efforts, just so

long will evil "divide and conquer" according to its hoary and all too successful policy.

Let us look more carefully at the blunders in these two points of view.

I

Those who concentrate only on individuals while ignoring the social forces are holding up the full conversion they profess to be aiming at. They keep the interest and attention of themselves and the very people they seek to change revolving round themselves. They may escape sentimentally to Christ but their vision of Christ is so limited that they arrest the soul's devotion at about fifty per cent of what Christ fully is and means. The outlook of Jesus was passionately social because it was so perfectly selfless. "The kingdom of God" was the most frequent phrase upon his lips, the supreme passion and good of all he taught and did. That kingdom was for him a society of souls each lost to self in a perfect devotion to all others whatsoever and hence to the Perfect Society of Man. That is the salvation of the individual and its appropriate tests of genuineness are the tests of social interest and devotion. You are not saved by Christ if your blood does not boil at the gross injustice and injury to mankind of the slums, or of unemployment, or of war, or of mal-distribution of the means of life. Let it thunder through the churches that "there is no room" in the new nature—in the saved personality, as Paul puts it—for the vile and artificial difference between men that the world rejoices to inflict upon society. If you are keen on converting the individual, do at least convert him really and fully. Do not leave him in the pitiable condition described by the eloquent Old Testament phrase, "Ephraim is a cake half-turned." A half-done cake is a cake not done!

II

Similarly those who rely upon external alterations in the social order fail to reckon sufficiently with the intense egoisms of human nature and with the capacity for evil-minded and ill-willed men for distorting and sabotaging the finest social institutions.

The administration of the most perfect social organization can rise no higher than the quality of personal life and character in the administrators and the more broadly based on common suffrage society becomes the more imperative becomes the question of the essential moral quality of democracy. Can anyone looking out over the masses of the modern world and making all due allowance for bad education, evil environment and corrupt social institutions, avoid a deep sense of misgiving at the prevalence of such evils as gambling, alcoholism, impurity, greed and graft, and the susceptibility of the means to policies of force and the wiles of demagogy. The new nature radically transformed from self-centeredness to otherness is essential and it needs all the forces of the most intense religion to produce it—but it must be the new nature in its fulness, a new personal passion for a pure and perfect sociality.

Here then are the two poles of Christian interest and world-saving activity: The Individual in Society, and Society in and through the Individual. As Jesus himself would have put it, "This should ye have done, and not have left the other undone." And as another of his apostles actually stated it, "Herein we know that we have passed from death unto life—in that we love the brethren."

The worldwide love—that intense passion for the true well-being of all one's fellows—is the test of personal salvation.

There is a revolting hypocrisy about the complacent self-righteousness of those who are content with a purely personal ethic and who pride themselves on being

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immediately honest and pure and unselfish, but resolutely refuse to lift their eyes to the large prospects of social responsibility. What becomes of boasted honesty if one is conspiring even though by default with a system of society that is fundamentally immoral in which the power and momentum is continually cheating and defrauding and degrading the weaker sections of society through the very operation of the prevailing system. How can one claim to be pure if one is entirely ignoring the problem of prostitution and the way in which economic necessity and such factors as unemployment and low wages affect the problem. Have we no responsibility for the sisters of sorrow? Shall we leave them to be victims of what are, especially today, artificial conditions?

Similarly, can we pretend that personal kindness can ever atone for indifference as to the fate befalling the masses of the common people in so many parts of the world enslaved to the twin dooms of poverty and war? It is not enough for the Christian to make the most passionate faith of all history a little comfortable nest of pleasant thought about himself and the future out of

which he refuses ever really to move into the grim crusade of good against evil; if he is to be really Christian, he must confront the whole of life and find some way of dealing with that whole.

Life's Higher Delicacy

BY O. W. S. McCALL

Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk. Exodus 34:26.

THREE times, and in these identical words, this interesting injunction appears in the Bible. Whatever it may have meant to those who originally heard it, it has now for many centuries carried an obvious and searching message to all who have given it reflection. "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk," for by so doing thou shalt commit that against which every instinct of refinement revolts.

It is bad enough to have to deprive the mother of her offspring, for a mother cares. But now, in order that you may fully enjoy your feasting upon her young, for you to demand that she herself contribute to your enjoyment by yielding her own milk for the boiling of the kid therein—that is not merely adding insult to injury, it is adding horror to it. If eat her young you must, at least you need not make her an accomplice. Every human and decent feeling revolts from it.

The spirit of the injunction would appear to be this: Thou shalt not offend against life's higher delicacy.

The Jewel of Man's Soul

Now "life's higher delicacy" is something about which one cannot always argue. It is not easily definable, and neither is it always logically defensible. One can never quite explain to certain minds, for example, why one should not seethe a kid in his mother's milk. Is not the mother goat in the habit of giving her milk? Is she not the animal closest at hand? Are we not, indeed, more than a little sentimental in reading into her our own peculiar emotions of horror and disapprobation? One can make out a good case for the practical man. "Efficiency" would have the time of its life making scruples look foolish. Yet those scruples are there, to challenge us. "Reason has nothing to say against such a mode of preparing food, but feeling revolts from it; and the general sense of civilized mankind reechoes the precept." Indeed it would seem that all that is finest in life is savored by sentiments and feelings which cannot be successfully argued against the laughter at scruples, but which nevertheless are the surest marks of our civilization.

Thou shalt not offend against life's higher delicacy—how can one argue that? Yet there it stands, the unarguable extra and the golden extra, extra to the law yet the essence of it, the very spirit of the best that men elect to praise.

How irrational, how sublime in the very place where he seems most irrational, is man! "Poor soul," writes R. L. Stevenson, "here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so insistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives: who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look and behold him instead filled with imperfect virtues; often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down, amid his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the Deity; rising to do battle for an egg, or die for an idea. To touch the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbors, to his God: an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible he will not stoop . . . still clinging in the brothel or on the scaffold to some rag of honor, the poor jewel of his soul."

"One thought, strange to the point of lunacy, the thought of duty"—how can one argue that?

Has it ever yet been told why man for the sake of "duty" should set himself against what he most desires, should plague himself with hardships, surrender a world that he longs for that he might keep his soul that he honors? Honors!—what is honor? The sense of "ought" in man, what is that? And why is it in him, and whence is its awful power? There are not lacking those who will call the conscientious man a fool, and perhaps there is a fearful weight of public example to encourage us in trifling with our instincts of right. Nevertheless "the general sense of civilized mankind" reverses the divine absurdity of Christ, and scorns the worldly wisdom of Judas. The tender tendrils of our upmost spirit reach into the light, like the latest born summits of a tree: and they seem to know light by the feel of it.

Let us look a little closer at this higher delicacy against which we must not offend.

Young Isaac Newton is at college. He becomes very friendly with an Italian student from whom he profits much because of the Italian's knowledge and experience, and whom he enjoys because they have much in common. But one day the Italian confides to Newton a risque story about a nun, and from that day Newton's opinion of the young foreigner is different. He allows circumstances to move them steadily apart until eventually they cease altogether to be companions.

The Miasma of the Movies

There are some people in whose splendid presence the soiled thing becomes simply impossible. There are other people who, like the city's garbage men, appear to have constituted themselves the collectors of prurience and who, outdoing the garbage men, become purveyors of it. We know this class of person. His mind is a chronic stench and whether in club or on street he will never let us get into his presence without making us conscious of his odor.

Consider the influence of our American movies. They have become, in alarming measure, a steady, destroying assault upon decency. The people of the United States are charged with being the most sex conscious, sex dis-

tracted of all peoples of the earth. Their literature, their conduct, their group discussions, and a hundred other things reveal it, the piled up wreckage of their broken home life, strewing the country and astonishing the world, gives it sad credence. It is surely high time that some one told the American people plainly that they are but reaping what they have sown. If young people of our time are emotionally overwrought; if they are saddled all too early with perilous sex problems that their fathers and mothers had not to meet until their characters and judgment were better formed; if,

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in addition, alarming numbers of the younger generation are less respectful of moral restraint, one may well ask what else we should expect? The movies are one of the greatest educating forces of our time. Day after day and week after week the year round the nastiest pictures conceived in the salacious brains of apparent degenerates conspire to stimulate animal passions, to deaden delicacy, to popularize flagrance and to make virtue a fool. Canada raises her hand against the American movie. Australia spews it out of her coasts. Mohammedan Turkey refuses to have her youth contaminated any longer by this slime from "Christian" America. South Africa takes steps to defend the Negro from the abominations of Hollywood. But we, we put up no barriers! We raise no cry! We scarcely do so much as inquire the name or character of the picture our young folks are off to see! The great education goes on entertainingly and thoroughly, the education of American youth, their education in farcical travesties of real life, until they mistake the moral ditch for the moral norm and go out with a laugh to do likewise.

The big movie barons are making money, lots of it—but with ghastly offence against the higher delicacy of young America! What care they whose light is darkened, whose stars fall, whose imagination is poisoned, whose blood is made a furnace, whose mental health is turned to pornographic disease? If there is money in it, money in this debauching of human souls, then let the flaring billboards drip leprosy, let subtle art dip its brush in innuendoes worthy of a brothel, let the screen be advertised upon the streets and buildings of every town and city until our eyes are assaulted and shamed by figures, titles, and descriptions which outrage every lady in the presence of every gentleman, and humiliate every gentleman in the company of every lady.

After all has been said of the admirable productions that are an adornment and a credit to those responsible for them, it yet remains true that self-respecting countries are coming more and more to fly the flag of quarantine against the American movie. But, by contrast, the patience of the American people is one of the prodigious spectacles of history!

A Revolt in the Offing

Will reform come out of moviedom? Yes—when the octopus begins to pity the victim on whose blood it feeds, when the vampire spares a pang of remorse for him whose life it sucks!

But men shall not always be allowed to claim the protection of the Stars and Stripes and at the same time grow fat and rich by systematically, ingeniously, cynically, destroying those very qualities of the American character which hitherto have given to that flag its glory. America will yet arise to redress this wrong being done to her citizenry! Like ominous thunder there will yet roll through the deep soul of our bestirring public a growl of formidable anger: "Up, tempest of God and sweep them to their doom!" It will come. The American people have measureless power when once they are roused. But alas, meanwhile a generation withers, the years do not wait, mal-educated youth passes to perverted and ill-conditioned age, a generation burns in unwholesome and unhappy fires—while with awful leisureliness the mighty people waken.

The offence is against plain decency; much more, therefore, against delicacy. The offence is rank and smells to heaven, yet how shall it be proved if one should happen on a man whose nose, while retaining its shape, has forfeited its function? Indeed, in certain quarters it would seem that, since the Victorians died, we are not to be congratulated unless we have lost our sense of smell. From New York there comes the exciting story of another dance, not the fox trot, nor the waltz, but a new one. It is to be "all the rage." It has been manufactured by the man who understands the times, who has now offered this new thing, a red hot riot, so hot that "the air sizzles during its performance." It is to be like wildfire—wild and also fiery. So run the reports. Well, doubtless the country has what the minority demands and what the majority will tolerate. Yet nothing alters the ancient law: Thou shalt not offend against the higher delicacy; and nothing, no clamor, nor fashion, nor very latest demand, shall alter the

divine authority of that prohibition which reigns unshaken in every decent and civilized soul.

Should a Bishop Whip a Top?

But let us leave this cruder level and come up higher. Samuel Johnson, being asked on one occasion what he thought of bishops going into street taverns to drink, replied: "It is not indeed immoral in him to go to a tavern; neither would it be immoral in him to whip a top in Grosvenor Square. There are graduations in conduct; there is morality, decency, and propriety. None of these should be violated by a bishop." Nor, we may add, by a lady. Nor by a Christian. There are certain fitnesses in things and they should be respected. A bishop should not whip a top in Grosvenor Square—just why may not be easy to answer, but there it is. In every generation currency is gained by many fashions that are not in themselves immoral but which nevertheless the most finely delicate souls will decline to adopt. "They are all doing it!" No, not all. Not all the bishops are tippling in the street taverns, only those who lack the golden extra. Find me a man of excellent feeling and I shall not have to argue with him, but bring me one who lacks in himself and unless by some means I can arouse and awaken the finer thing within him I might as well argue with the moon.

But come up still higher. On a certain occasion an eloquent friend of mine was being considerably heckled in his speech by a man who sat immediately before him but who turned his head aside every time he called as if seeking to mislead the orator into supposing that it was some one else who interjected. Having suffered this for some time the orator at length paused and looked at his tormentor. "My friend here thinks he deceives me by turning his head aside each time he speaks," he said cuttingly. "But he is mistaken. He only leads me to suspect that his eyes are as crossed as his wits." The man leaped to his feet in a rage and turned his face to the audience, then swung round and rushed down the passage way toward the platform. All perceived that his eyes were indeed atrociously turned and this, as a matter of fact, had explained the peculiar movement of his head whenever he tried to focus on the orator. There was a sudden revulsion of feeling. From every quarter of the great hall began to come hisses and protests against the platform. The orator raised his hand. "I want to apologize to this gentleman," he cried as soon as he could be heard. "I made my retort without having any imagination that he suffered from this handicap. In the presence of you all I can only say to this man that I am sorry." The audience, which had been fast slipping out of hand, was recovered, and there came from it something not unlike applause.

Magnanimous Silences

But what was there in this incident except an exhibition of the common judgment that that man should be hissed who would knowingly take an unfair advantage over even an opponent? Does nature inflict us? No gentleman will taunt us there. Here enter all those indefinable graces that mark the highest culture. It is true that with the awkward body there often goes the awkward mind, that the physical handicap is often accompanied by an unfavorable peculiarity of temperament. To be sure, divine grace is sometimes most conspicuous in such a setting and where men are naturally weak there they have proved themselves supernaturally strong. But where this has not happened and men have given themselves up to the angularities of nature, it is not easy to show just why, being provoked, we should spare them crushing reference to the inborn disability that has made them a mischief. If a man heckles you, torments you, why should you not tell him, if it be true, that he was born twisted, crippled, or accursed, and has therefore been fated to act as he does? Yet the finest feeling of the race is against it. The best men share that verdict. The best men remember that they themselves have cause not to be proud. The best men reflect that in some things they also are crippled. The best men therefore preserve fine silences, are not merciless but magnanimous.

The Golden Extra

It is the golden extra, the thing that goes beyond the arguments, the delicacy that does not ask for the law.

"Would not the offence of the cross, submitted at the time to a sanhedrim of 'logical' experts, have been condemned as unadulterated folly?" asks Dr. L. P. Jacks. "Such a sanhedrim is always in session within a man, and the hero has much ado to stand up to its decrees."

But Dr. Jacks adds this very significant thing: "Unless I am mistaken the new birth must begin in the seat of reason if it is to begin at all. Is not the man's reason the very essence of the man? How then can he be converted at all unless he is converted there?" Yes, indeed, and what reason is safe unless it be first saved from its selfishness, its pride, its prejudice? If the reason is to be godlike it must first achieve something of the purity of God's character. There is a broad heresy abroad that no difference lies between learning and knowledge, and that reason necessarily leads to light.

The reasoning of Lucifer led him to the pit!

Professor John M. Fletcher has good grounds for complaint of "The Philosophy of Nothing-But." "Nothing but desire!" cries Freudian philosophy, finding the ultimate roots of all mental life in only that. "Ultimately speaking, nothing but reflexology!" cries psychology. "It will be difficult for many men to accept the notion that their highest devotions, their most ecstatic amours, their lifelong fidelities, the very roots of their finest posies, are no more than intricate chemical reactions." This disposition to pull a flower to pieces and then to exclaim: "It is nothing but that!" is becoming the subject of rightful protest from many thoughtful quarters. The values that lie in precise and accurate knowledge of origin have misled some men into forgetfulness of that other avenue to truth: "The nature of a thing is that which it has become when its process of development is over." Though love should have its roots in desire, yet there are things in love's flower that were never in the roots and which have been drawn from the bosom of heaven.

Reason is not enough, it needs to be born again into the golden extra. Freud and some of the other psychol-

ogists have captured everything except the golden extra.

And this golden extra, difficult of logical vindication, yet remains the root of all art, of all poetry, and of all religion.

"Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk"—thou shalt not offend against the higher delicacy: out of this fineness comes all elevated judgment, all graciousness, all sense of truth, all symmetry, harmony, divinity. "It lacks *that,*" said the great critic of a picture that seemed technically correct, "it lacks *that,*" flipping his fingers. That's it. Many a life, regular enough before the law, cannot be said to have infringed any specific Christian rule, yet has lacked that intangible golden extra which is the soul of quality.

Doubtless this is the highest refinement of our moral and religious life, this sense of delicacy, higher than the tangible flower which, in its perfume, has something neither seen nor felt but which is the soul of itself. It is the spirit of fire, of the flame upon the altar.

Guarding the Altars of Life

And a man may give up all—*except his altars.* Home and food and life itself may be yielded to the Romans, but the sacred place, the altar! — against that the Gaul will place his back and stand. Yet he who guards his altar from the Roman in a time of war may yield it to the demeaning encroachment of things common in a time of peace, and so he will surely lose his altar after all. For if the sacred stones be used as any other stones, and be not reverenced and kept holy unto the Highest, then tomorrow they will be smiled at and explained away and, their sanctity labeled an antique fiction, they will have become precisely what your common soul has said they are.

In Australia, after the World War, the word "Anzac" began to be used much in advertising. Promptly the government stepped in with a ban upon such prostitution of this synonym of Australia's agony, heroism, and sacrifice. In effect the government said: Thou shalt not, in order to sell soap, or flour, or any other thing, encroach upon the sacred memories and enshrined sentiments of a people! Thus the safeguarded word, "Anzac," has become the gathering place of whatever is loveliest, truest, noblest in Australian life, much as here the flag of the United States continually adds to itself the sentiment and idealism of the people, until it means more at the end of a century than it meant at the beginning. That is what always happens when the altars are guarded; they become magnets that draw to themselves the sublimest in life, adding thus to their sacred meaning as the years pass. This, indeed, is what has happened to the Supreme Altar of mankind, Jesus of Nazareth. After twenty centuries, Jesus means more than he did in the days of Pilate and Herod. He has become significant with the idealism of the race because he has drawn to himself the dreams and aspirations, the noblest courage and devotion of all who have glimpsed him. Alas, let him be common, and common he will be unto you! Treat him to "silent smiles of slow disparagement" and disparaged he will be! The holy thing grows common if its beauty be not revered. To multitudes Christ means nothing.

But to other multitudes? Fairest among ten thousand, heaven's most burning Star, the Key to all that God and man is, served valorously beyond the courage of captains, served enduringly through a barren land of sand and thorns, loved passionately even unto death. Those who guard within them the higher delicacy are taught by it to respect and treasure this highest excellence of all, until Christ, enthroned upon their highest places, becomes to them the arbiter of nobleness and the rallying center of every perfect thing in life.

Shall We Thank God for the Depression?

By William O. Bruckner

I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly. John 10:10.

THERE seems to be a definite tendency on the part of ministers to give three cheers for the depression, to thank God for its hard experiences. They do not, of course, rejoice in the fact that the economic situation has brought about reductions in their own salaries and in the contributions made to all phases of the church's work. Nevertheless they find cause of joy in the depression because, as they say, people in losing their money have found their God. They say that we have been brought to our senses by these hard times and have been brought to the realization that money is not everything. Mammon has been dethroned and God has been restored to his rightful place. We have been taught by the depression to give and to help and to share, to love our neighbors as ourselves. What does it matter, they ask, if we are now poor in material possessions as long as we possess God?

Yes, and many a minister maintains that these difficult times were sent by God as a direct punishment for the greed and selfishness, the dishonesty and the money-worship which characterized the world during the years of prosperity. God realized that the world was going to the devil; therefore he sent the depression to call us back to that road which leads to the kingdom of God. During prosperous years we were pretty much dead in spirit; today we are spiritually very much alive. And therefore they say, let us rejoice: let us rejoice that God sent the depression to bring us to our senses; let us rejoice that we have found our way back to God. And some ministers actually venture to suggest that we ought not desire the return of prosperity because we are really better off now. They point out that in good times our bodies were well nourished, but our souls were famished. Now, though we may lack food, our souls are being fed with the bread of life. Others, not taking so extreme a position, do indeed hope for the return of prosperity, but claim that the great and many lessons learned in these difficult days will most assuredly enable us to use future wealth properly and will keep us from falling into our old sinful ways. Therefore, for one reason or another, many min-

isters are inclined to break into three cheers for the depression.

I.

I see little reason to cheer. First of all I believe that the spiritual gains, the improvements that have been made in our religious lives, have been grossly exaggerated. Naturally there have been gains. A new spirit of neighborliness akin to that of the Good Samaritan has indeed become manifest. Many persons do take their Christianity more seriously. There is a widespread realization that there are other things in life more important than making money and getting the things that money can buy. Such spiritual gains are real and very much worth while, that is certain. But I refuse to be carried away by enthusiasm to the extent of saying that in these troublous times we have become exceedingly noble and fine, whereas during the days of prosperity we were rather rotten. I refuse to believe that then we were little better than devils while now we have become like unto saints. I refuse to admit that then we starved our souls as much as is claimed or that now we are as sincerely religious as some claim. I know that we are just about the same sort of folks we were in 1928, somewhat improved.

Furthermore, I am convinced that the larger part of our spiritual gains is altogether transient. With the return of better times many of these gains will unfortunately slip away. Give us plenty of money and most of us will again forget our needy neighbor. As soon as we make gains on the stock market and in our bank accounts, our spiritual gains will suffer losses. Religion will become once again a more external, unreal, insincere profession.

Is it not true that hard times and trouble always bring people nearer to God? The dangerous illness of a child will bring parents who have not prayed for years down upon their knees. Serious trouble in a family will often bring some or all of its members to worship regularly. Death in a family quickens the religious life of its members: they will attend church regularly, will be sympathetic and charitable to all, will determine to give more generously to the work of the church. A sick person threatened by death will experience sudden conversion. But let the child become well and the parents will forget all about praying; not even a prayer of thanksgiving will come to their lips. Let family troubles be solved, let the first heart wounds of mourners be healed, let recovery be the prize of him who faced death and, all too often, promises are forgotten, church obligations again neglected, good intentions not carried out.

All of which makes me believe that when better times come a large portion of the gains we have made in our religious living will disappear. I have heard and read many statements by preachers to the effect that never again will the public go mad about the stock market, never again will social injustice and iniquity and sharp practices characterize business, finance and industry. I do not believe that such prophecies will be fulfilled. The depression has not transformed mankind so completely; its lessons have not sunk into the minds and hearts of men so deeply. The old evils and cancerous growths have not been cut cleanly out of our lives by the sharp, cruel knife of depression. The cure is, after all, more superficial and apparent than actual and real. Witness the mad speculation of recent months! Witness the plans all concerned have laid to sidestep, escape and nullify new governmental regulations. All are trying to discover means of remaining within the letter of the new laws, yet breaking the spirit and intent of the laws, for which there is so seldom legal punishment.

The depression has not helped our soul life as much as optimistic pastors claim, nor is the somewhat better soul health we enjoy likely to prove lasting. I see little reason to thank God, to give three cheers for the depression.

II.

And that is one of the grounds on which I base my belief that the depression was not sent by God as a punishment intended for the ultimate good of mankind. I feel that God would surely not employ so imperfect, futile and temporary an expedient for the elevating of mankind. Nor can I believe that the God who is love would use so cruel and unfair a method; cruel because there is so much starvation and misery today, unfair because those who are suffering most are least to blame for the sins of prosperous days.

W. O. Bruckner

It is of course true, generally speaking, that God has coupled with every sin a punishment. And just so, the sins rampant in days of prosperity, greed for money and power, selfishness, hardness of heart and dishonesty have their natural consequences. Only in the sense that these days of economic upheaval are the natural result of the sins of yesteryear can we call them a visitation of God. But they did not come, I know, as a direct punishment willed by God. Surely we brought these times upon ourselves.

Above all, I cannot believe that God sent the depression because Jesus very clearly stated—and this is our text: "I came that they may have life and may have it abundantly." More correctly translated this verse reads: "I came that they may have life and may have abundance." When Jesus here speaks of life he means something more than life on earth; he is thinking in addition of life eternal. And when he speaks of coming so that mankind may have abundance, may have a surplus, he is thinking of everything that sustains life, life eternal surely, but also life here on earth. He is anxious for us to have more, even, than we can possibly use. Like God he would give from overflowing stores. It is part of his plan that provision should be made for life, suitable and adequate provision for all our wants.

It is not proper to blame Christ, or God, for the depression. He would rather have us enjoying prosperity, abundance. I maintain that what God has in store for the world is not want but plenty, not depression, but ever increasing prosperity for all. Has not that been the general tendency throughout history? Age after age the needs and wants of mankind have been ever more adequately met. Jesus came that we may have life and may have abundance of everything that sustains life. The final state of man is to be a prosperous state, not a state of poverty.

III.

All the more reason, then, to doubt that God sent the depression. All the more reason to doubt that we should give three cheers because the depression has turned our thoughts to God. Depression is not to be the world's future, but prosperity. Having learned to live aright in times of depression is not likely to help us much in times of prosperity. When times are bad it is relatively easy to be good; when things go wrong it is comparatively easy to live right. Not so much credit to us, then, if we make progress in Christian living during hard times. That is relatively easy and rather natural. It is much more difficult to live aright in days of plenty; much more difficult to resist the temptation of avarice and self-interest then; more difficult to remember God.

Now it is true that Jesus always recognized the danger of prosperity: he taught that it is one of the most threatening obstructions of the spiritual life. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" As Francis G. Peabody has written—Jesus "perceives with perfect distinctness that the most immediate and insidious peril to the Christian life is to come from the love of money. Vulgarity, ostentation, envy, ambition, self-conceit, material standards of happiness—the qualities which make people unspiritual, unteachable, unresponsive to the light—are the attendants of the god Mammon," of prosperity. Nevertheless, in spite of its peril, prosperity to a fuller degree is to be the future lot of the race. And therefore in days of plenty, not in days such as these, will mankind meet the supreme test. The great test is not to find God in days of depression, but to discover and see and hold on to God during days of prosperity. In its ability to meet the plenteous, powerful temptations that come with plenty, or in the lack of it, will come mankind's ultimate triumph in Christ or its failure in Satan. To learn to lead a true, sincere Christian life in the midst of abundance, that is our ultimate task.

That can be done. When the disciples became troubled by the severity of Jesus' judgment upon riches uttered after the rich young ruler went away sorrowful and when they asked, "Who then can be saved?" Jesus calmly replied: "With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible." Which, as Emil E. Fischer so clearly points out, simply means that "the grace of God is sufficient to overcome the temptations which riches bring with them, as it is sufficient to overcome every temptation. Where there is trust in the grace of God, wealth will be subordinated to its proper place and made to minister to, and not hinder, life in the kingdom of God."

After all, I have known some men and women who at the time of their greatest prosperity remained humble, helpful, holy persons; haven't you also? And I know of common folk who while sharing the general prosperity of the world were never anything but Christians truly worshiping Christ. We must learn to live as they did, when prosperity returns. In the days of prosperity that lie ahead we shall meet the supreme test: then we must learn to regard wealth as a gift from God which we hold in trust, we must subordinate it to and make it serve the spiritual interests of life, we must use it in such a way as to accomplish God's will for men, use it in the service of humanity. If we succeed in making advances in Christian living during times of abundance, then there will be indeed sufficient reason for breaking into cheers.

IV.

Jesus' aim is to give us life and abundance. Our greatest task in the future will be to learn how to make that perilous abundance which is to be our lot contribute to the fullest, most perfect life on earth, preparatory to life in the kingdom. If we fail to learn that, further depressions will quite certainly follow as the natural consequences of our faults and failings. And then the race will have to try all over again to learn how to enjoy abundance without forgetting God and our neighbors. But finally the race will learn, of that I am confident. Then will the angels in heaven rejoice and the cup of joy of the Man of Sorrows will indeed be filled to overflowing.

And so I cannot rejoice particularly just because trouble has turned our thoughts to God. My only hope for the present is that during the remaining days of depression we may make further real improvement in spiritual living, so that, though only a small percentage of our gains survive the coming of prosperity, that small proportion may amount to something valuable and tangible. After all, to rejoice about the depression is defeatism pure and simple. It is to claim blandly that though the depression has defeated progress, it is somehow all for the best. No, I find absolutely no reason for giving three cheers for the depression. But if we prepare ourselves for the coming of prosperity, if we determine to meet that danger to the Christian life courageously, and if we actually succeed in overcoming it by making prosperity serve and minister to the Christian life, that will be a glorious, God-given victory indeed calling for three cheers and more.

Redemption in a Mechanical Age

By Alfred W. Swan

So we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another. Romans 12:5.

ONE of the many interesting exhibits in the Transportation Building at the Century of Progress Exposition is the replica of the rocket engine. It was built by George and Robert Stephenson in 1829 for entry in a contest to determine the best engine qualified to pull six tons at ten miles an hour.

Only a few months ago I talked with a man born in the year 1829, the venerable Dr. Henry A. Miner, a pioneer missionary in Wisconsin. In his 103rd year he wrote me a letter enthusiastically describing his joy at being able to hear a church service over the radio. When he was born, there were just twenty-five miles of railroad in the United States.

Yet it was in 1829 in an essay on "Signs of the Times" that Thomas Carlyle wrote, "It is the age of machinery in every outward and inward sense of the word." What would old "Tammas" say of us now?

Once we had an agrarian society, of which Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was an appreciative picture. But now Stephen Leacock in parody writes "An Elegy Near a City Freight Yard:"

> The factory whistles blow across the way,
> Some cattle in a freight car still I see,
> The employes have finished for the day,
> And there is no one on the street but me.
>
> Now they have lighted the electric light,
> And all the people in the stores have gone,
> Except the cop on duty for the night,
> And round the corner p'haps a motor horn . . .

That disturbing genius, the 19th century Samuel Butler, in a day when there were still no telephones, no radios, no autos, and no airplanes, wrote in his Notebook:

> We take it that the time will come when man will be to the machine what the horse and the dog are to man. Day by day the machines are gaining ground upon us; day by day we are becoming more subservient to them; more men are daily devoting the energies of their whole lives to the development of mechanical life. The upshot is simply a question of time; but that the time will come when the machines will hold the real supremacy over the world and its inhabitants is what no person of a truly philosophical mind can for a moment question.

Now I repudiate that gloomy prophecy. Perhaps that is simply evidence of a juvenile mind. I was suckled or suckled myself on "Popular Mechanics." While I do not know much about mechanics technically, I can get almost as much of an emotional jag out of a new automobile as I understand some people with musical souls can when listening to a great concerto. If a youngster of mine doesn't take a mechanical top apart on Christmas morning, it's probably because I did it Christmas eve, before hanging it on the tree, to see how it worked—and then couldn't get it together. I delight in scientific invention. In this I suspect I am a child of this age that boasts a Century of Progress.

But we should everyone of us be aware that the machine has in many respects heightened the acuteness of our social and ethical problems. Not that it has altered the essential nature of human life; but it has accentuated some of the truths long announced. Machinery has only made more obvious the insight of St. Paul, when he said, "So we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another." "All one body we!"

The redemption of human life in a mechanical age depends now upon the recognition of the paradox that the *machine has rendered society organic.* A little imagination will disclose how this is true.

I

For one thing, *the machine has simply given the human body additional organs.*

The simplest of all mechanisms is the lever. But it is not an original invention of man. There are several levers in the human arm. A stick but adds the mechanical advantage of another one. Whether the first club was used to crack the kind of cocoanut that grows on trees or that which grows on men's shoulders is a matter of unverifiable pre-history. But the evolution of morals ever since has been one long struggle between those two impulses, the one constructive and the other destructive of human values. Unfortunately the acquisition of shillalahs has not always been accompanied by a corresponding forbearance toward one's neighbors.

Or did spades come before clubs? I am always hazy about the matter. Perhaps it was a job of plumbing that the cave-man was one day bidden to by his cave-woman. It is usually the plumbing that goes wrong. This time the drip from the mouth of the cave was running back in on the floor, so that little cave-cub had no dry place to sleep. So the cave-man took a flat stick and gouged out a little ditch through the shale to the edge of the cliff, and drained the water off. When he had carried an armful of dry leaves back into the cave for the cave-boy to kick around on it pleased his cave-woman very much. Then he picked up the implement he had used to dig the world's first ditch, and he called the spade a spade.

A shovel is but a detachable fore-arm. The blade unites the finger-nails into a rigid unit more especially adapted to digging. The shovel is but a spare part. When in use it is integral with the levers in the arms and legs of men.

Even power-shovels are but specialized forms of human organs. Some of the shovels now in use have booms 150 feet long and dippers that will scoop up 16 cubic yards at once. But only a little reconstructive imagination will sense that the boom is an upper-arm, the dipper handle the fore-arm, the bucket itself the hollowed hand, with fingers separated for gouging out the earth; the steel cables that operate the mechanism are sinews and tendons, and the base on which the apparatus rotates is the shoulder and socket of the appendage. In any form the shovel is a replica of the arm.

It is an additional organ. And we are just as responsible for the effective operation of these mechanical appendages to our bodies as we are for the orgainic ones.

Our civilization would be more worthily memorialized if, instead of filling our parks with cannon and trench mortars, glorifying the destructive elements of mechanical life, we should erect a monument to the pick and shovel, setting up in some conspicuous place a friendly old steam shovel that had mined our coal, built our highways, irrigated our fields, dredged our harbors, or dug our canals.

At any rate, every man-made mechanism is an organ of the human body.

Moreover, the physical and chemical processes that propel our machines are but the operation, under control conditions, of similar processes within our bodies. The essential process of life is the combustion of carbon compounds. But the oxidation of carbons is exactly what takes place in the cylinder of an automobile. In the human organism this takes place most effectively at just below 100 degrees fahrenheit; in the internal combustion engine it occurs efficiently at something short of 100 degrees centigrade. You've got cast iron insides in your automobile; and they are part of you.

Our machines are organs of our bodies, and material extensions of our wills. They go or stand at our command, and we are responsible for what they do. The idea is more than a facetious novelty. Machines are projections of the souls of men, who make and own and move them.

II

But further, not only has the machine given the human body additional organs: *It has made society an organism.*

There is one item of mechanism that man has devised that apparently is not found in nature. The wheel is a new creation. And it is the device preeminent for connecting one part of society with another.

A hundred years ago, in Philadelphia and Boston, polite society was amusing itself while pouring tea by discussing whether human beings could live while passing through the air at thirty miles an hour. But the epic of transportation on wheels has now knit us all together.

There is a specialized form of the wheel, however, which is the distinctive symbol of our age—the cog-wheel. The cog-wheel is the mechanism of modern society's articulation. By it all the parts are geared together and interact upon one another.

There are some very neat principles of construction about a large gear-wheel. Close observers will discover

A Pastoral Prayer

At the Communion Table

By George C. Pidgeon

O GOD, the God of the Covenant, who keepest covenant and mercy with Thy servants who walk before Thee with all their heart, we approach Thee as children, held in covenant bonds which are the bonds of love. As the God of the covenant of grace, the foundation stone of which is pardon, Thou wilt meet even our need of righteousness, and, trusting only in Thy redeeming love, we now approach Thy table. Thou hast given us the Lord Jesus Christ as an example, and we would follow in His steps. He is our Lord, and the Captain of our salvation, and we would obey His commands. But before we can hope to follow or obey, we need forgiveness for past offences and guidance and strength from God. May the very life of God be ours, and here at Thy table may we receive Christ, the Bread of Life, broken for us, and be sealed with the blood of the new covenant, poured out for our salvation.

To Thee all angels cry aloud; the heavens and all the powers therein. The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee. The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee. The noble army of martyrs praise Thee. The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee. With them we would join our hearts and voices in praise to Thee, the Father of an infinite majesty, for the gift of Thine only Son, who being in the form of God thought it not a prize to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Himself the form of a man, and being found in fashion as a man, humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Here, with hearts bowed on account of our manifold sins and utter unworthiness, yet with souls exalted on account of the Redeemer whose love has triumphed and in whose love we stand, we too worship and adore.

O God, who hast given Thine only Son to be a ransom for many, who hast in Him provided for all need according to Thy riches in glory, who hast instituted and in Thy holy word commanded us to observe this holy ordinance as a memorial of His precious sufferings and death and as a means of receiving anew Him who is our life, grant that as we receive these Thy gifts of bread and wine with the discernment and purpose of faith we may become partakers of His body and blood. As we receive the sacred symbols may we receive Christ anew and be built up in soul by the Bread from Heaven, which He has become for men by His sacrificial sufferings and never-dying life.

Here, according to His example and command, we invoke Thy blessing on the bread and wine which Thou hast provided, and pray that, through the influence of Thy Holy Spirit, the bread which we break may become unto us the communion of the body of Christ, and the cup of blessing which we bless may become unto us the communion of the blood of Christ. Amen.

that the lugs of a large cog-wheel are not cut squarely, but that their contact faces are curved. A mechanical engineer will work out the very nice problem of determining the proper curvature of those faces. I do not know how that is done. But the general principle is one applicable in sociology as well as in mechanics—maximum of contact with minimum of friction.

So widely applicable is this principle that we have made rituals about it, founded orders upon it, and set up the symbol of the gear-wheel as an object of secular worship. Rotary clubs, in so doing, have put their hand upon the most representative device of this machine age.

In one of his many visions the ancient prophet Ezekiel saw "wheels within wheels." If the human mind contains potentially the future, as well as reminiscently the past, the seer may have mystically foreseen this era of machinery. He observed further that "the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels." Our machines have made society a living thing.

Consider a contemporary skyscraper. We are listless of imagination, if we think it dead stone and steel. Its elevators are moving parts. Its plumbing system is a circulatory one. The heating and ventilating mechanisms are a respiratory tract. Electric power is its nervous energy; the telephone is but one of its sensory organs. A skyscraper is an organism. And the unity of society it encloses is an organic colony.

Much more is a city a communal organism. Its railroads, highways and harbors constitute an esophagus indispensable to the digestion of its food. Its sewer system, as Victor Hugo once pointed out, is a community cloaca. Its parks are community lungs to purify the air, necessary to the very breath of life for folk in crowded areas. Its thousands of automobiles are like corpuscles darting back and forth in the circulatory system of its crowded traffic and curving boulevards, conveying the vital energy of the muncipality's collective life. The movie is a gangliated emotional plexus. The newspapers are the collective mind of conglomerate urbanity. And the money in circulation is the fluid matrix in which the hidden processes of the social organism occur.

The likeness of a living creature has been fashioned with these wheels. Strange paradox is this, that machinery should make our human life organic. We are all members one of another.

III

A little further insight will disclose that *the machine has equipped the organism of society with a nervous system.*

Our electrical appliances have done this more delicately and effectively than any other. It was not always so. In the year 1867 in the cultured city of Boston a newspaper carried the following item:

> A man about forty-six years of age, giving the name of Joshua Coppersmith, has been arrested in New York for attempting to extort funds from ignorant, superstitious people by exhibiting a device which, he says, will convey the human voice any distance over metallic wires, so that it will be heard by the listener at the other end. He calls the instrument a "telephone," which is obviously intended to imitate the word "telegraph" and win the confidence of those who know of the success of the latter instrument without understanding the principles upon which it is based. Well informed people know that it is impossible to transmit the human voice over wires as may be done with dots and dashes and signals of the Morse code, and that, were it possible to do so, the thing would be of no practical value. The authorities who apprehended this criminal are to be congratulated, and it is to be hoped that his punishment will be prompt and fitting, and that it may serve as an example to other conscienceless schemers who seek to enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow-creatures.

But at the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876 the telephone was one of the wonders of the world.

Our systems of communication have made us acutely conscious, in every part of society, how every other part of society is feeling. While earthquake tremors are frightening Los Angeles, we sit in our homes in Chicago and hear about it by radio announcement from the affected zone. A round-the-world flier slips down out of the night safely at the airport, and a million folk hear the mingled roar of motor and of applause. Electricity has equipped us with a collective nervous system. That is how truly society is organic.

Now the distinctive thing about an organism is that what happens in one part affects what happens in every other part. It is not true of a machine. I can take a ball-peen hammer and bash in the radiator of my automobile and the carburetor will not murmur. But if I drop the hammer on my big toe, I scream—because I am an organism. Society is an organism and not a machine; but the machine has made it so. It has given it a nervous system.

What we must do now is to make that a sympathetic nervous system, instantaneously responsive throughout all its parts. The principles of a living creature must be in the wheels.

In a very significant volume entitled "The Wisdom of the Body," Dr. Walter R. Cannon of Harvard Medical School describes some of the devices by which nature maintains the internal equilibrium of the body in spite of external disturbance or interior change. For instance, twenty minutes of maximal muscular exercise on a football field will generate enough heat, if it were not dissipated, to cook the albuminous substances in the limbs until they were like a hard-boiled egg. The thermostatic control of the body pores facilitates cooling by evaporating perspiration, and thus maintains the isothermal condition of the body.

Here is another one. The late J. S. Haldane, the English biochemist, did some of his original research in the effect of oxygen on the respiration of Pike's Peak, whose altitude of over 14,000 feet gave specialized conditions. Now a corpuscle of the blood cannot carry more than a certain maximum amount of oxygen. The only way to meet the exigencies of a rarefied atmosphere, therefore, is to multiply the number of corpuscles. And Haldane discovered that at 14,000 feet the number of red corpuscles will increase from some 5,000,000 per cubic centimeter to about 9,000,000 per cubic centimeter of blood.

That is "The Wisdom of the Body." Says the German physiologist Pflüger, "The cause of every need of a living being is also the cause of the satisfaction of that need." That ought also to be true of the social organism. Would to God that the needs of hungry men today caused, as it should and could, such reaction throughout the whole social body, that those needs would be satisfied! This would be so, if society would develop a sympathetic nervous system.

We, who are many, are one today.

IV

But there is one further level of integrated life to which invention has conducted us. Not only has the machine given us additional organs, made society organic, and equipped that organism with a nervous system, but *the inventions of man have made human life realistically a sacramental thing.*

Alfred W. Swan

If the lever and the wheel and electricity have done these former things, it is money that has put the finishing touch. Money is a human invention. There is nothing that corresponds to it outside humanity. Next to writing, it is the most significant technical achievement of secular social intelligence. There has been a lot of inadequate thinking about money.

It has often been remarked that money is power. But it is non-material power. The weight of the scrap of paper that is a draft, or even the currency reserve back of it, if any, has no relation to the amount of work done in response to that value. A few ounces of gold can induce a contractor's crew to pour tons of concrete, and can drag me out of bed in the morning and hold me to the old job as my unassisted will could never do.

Money is a purely psychological force. It has just as much value and power as men agree to attribute to it. And when public confidence is gone, it depreciates with startling rapidity. Its power is dependent on ethical considerations. Its effect requires such normal qualities as faith and credit.

Moreover, money is human life-blood. Every dollar of it represents somebody's sweat and blood. Its circulation in the life-stream of society is necessary to the existence of the social body. Every pound of labor, every dyne of nervous energy, every pulse of thought expended in the industrial and commercial process, flows in the blood-stream of our common life.

Money is congealed personality. And because it is such, we ought to handle it with reverence, accepting it with gratitude and spending it with generosity.

Money is the life-blood of society. Every exchange of commodities and services is a transfusion of vitality. In an age when economic values are flashed in a moment on the ticker-tape a thousand miles away, the whole of society has been bound up in one bundle of life.

The redemption of our day depends upon recognition of the sacramental nature of the secular world. In such a world as ours, the counter is the real communion table; for upon it, in every commercial transaction, our bodies are broken and our blood is shed for one another. If this is involuntary and compulsory, it is pagan human sacrifice. If it be voluntary and gracious, it is redemptive and life-giving Christian sacrifice. No less than a sacramental view of the social body can save us in this age.

Let there be no confusion about it. This will be a Century of Progress really, only if the changes mechanical life has effected in the social organism are attended by sympathy and grace.

What St. Paul perceived by intuitive faith, we can see by illuminating imagination. We, being many, are one body, and severally members one of another—in Christ.

The now accomplished mechanical integration of the social organism makes his redemptive work within the social body both imperative and possible.

The Sea

(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I THINK that there shall never be
A sermon thrilling as the sea—

The sea, upon whose heaving breast
The waters never are at rest—

The sea, that looks to God all day
And lifts up reaching arms of spray;

Upon whose face the dawn has paled,
Amid whose wastes the light has failed—

The sea, that may in summer wear
Jeweled icebergs in her hair.

Sermons are made by fools like me,
But only God could make the sea.

Cecil F. Ristow.

The NRA—a Challenge to American Character

By Coningsby M. Gordon

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Psalm 51:10.

THE depression is by no means an unqualified evil. Great good has already come out of it and still greater good is emerging from it. The abolition of child labor must be placed to its credit, as also a new and deeper appreciation of the value of work and a keener recognition of the fact that the opportunity to work is the royal and inalienable right of every man and woman in the world. Moreover, with the depression as a background, we are beginning to see with commanding clearness the momentous truth that business is a social possession, that it belongs in the final analysis to the community and therefore must be made to serve the public good rather than private greed.

The National Recovery Act is, of course, the outgrowth of the depression. Its ghastly revelation of the inhumanity, the greed, the pitiable inefficiency and failure of the old economic system has chastened us considerably and thrown us into a mood much more hospitable to new ideas and new ventures. Without this we never could have projected with any hope of success a change so radical and far-reaching as that proposed in the NRA. For let us admit without reserve that the NRA is changing the basic principle of our industrial and commercial life. It is bringing forth an economic process radically different from the one to which we have been accustomed. It is difficult to designate this new order by a single name. It certainly is not communism, and it certainly is not Marxian socialism, and it certainly is not capitalism as we have known it hitherto. The editor of The Christian Century calls it "socialized capitalism," by which he means to distinguish it from the individualistic capitalism of the old regime.

Some Old Fetishes Pass

Whatever name we may apply to it, however, we cannot be blind to the fact that it lays devastating hands upon certain venerable assumptions and fetishes of the old order of things. What becomes of the old iron law of wages, for instance? It is driven into exile by the adoption of the minimum wage. And what becomes of the old notion that the law of supply and demand must be permitted to exercise an unlimited dictatorship over our economic life? It is shattered by the idea that we ourselves can become a law unto the law of supply and demand—we can exercise a pretty firm control over both the supply and the demand. And what indeed becomes of the old sacrosanct laissez faire scheme of economics, with its cruel corollary of ruthless individualism and its dire consequences of long hours and low wages, its overproduction, its bitter and unhampered competition, and its inevitable periods of widespread unemployment? That system at the present hour is anything but sacred. And the extent to which government is injecting its hand into the industrial order is enough to give the champion of laissez faire a devastating fear. Without a doubt the NRA is laying iconoclastic hands upon these gods of the old order and if it succeeds we shall soon see them lying as prostrate and powerless as was Dagon before the Ark of the Covenant in the temple of the Philistines.

"If it succeeds"—ah, there's the rub! Will the NRA succeed? That indeed is the momentous question. I say without hesitation that its success depends upon the free and effective operation of the spiritual factors that enter into the problem. The NRA is really a trumpet challenge to the American character. It is not merely a question of money and merchandise and markets and machinery. It is not merely a question of intelligent leadership and wise planning and effective organization. We may create the wisest plans and devise the best machinery possible, we may get every producing unit in the country to construct and sign its code, we may plant the blue eagle in every store and shop and factory and office and home and automobile, we may stage our processions and parades, and put on the highest of all the high-pressure campaigns in the history of advertising, but if the character of the American people does not measure up in fair degree to the spiritual requirements of the NRA, then the whole grand project is doomed to tragic failure.

Codes and Conduct

A code is of no account unless it is translated into conduct, and conduct depends upon character. The signature of an individual or a corporation is no good unless it is honored, and whether or not it is honored depends upon character. The blue eagle can be made either the symbol of unselfish cooperation or the cloak of a shameless covetousness, and whether it be made the one or the other depends upon character. And the challenging slogan of the movement, "We Do Our Part," can be used as the noble watchword of a knightly endeavor to make the whole program victorious, or it can be reduced to an empty formula or a piece of pietistic cant; and whether it be so used or so reduced depends upon character. Success or otherwise, then, of this new and tremendous venture centers in the question as to whether the collective American character can face up to the idealistic demands and spiritual presuppositions of the National Recovery Act.

It is a time for prayer. We say it reverently. Every employer and employe, every consumer and producer, needs to pray with great fervency and deep sincerity the prayer of the old Hebrew psalmist: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." There you have it—the National Recovery Act must spring out of a clean national heart and be inspired through and through with the right spirit. Intelligence and goodness must march together in the great enterprise. But what are the ingredients of the right spirit?

First, it is a spirit of eager willingness—a willingness that is gladly spontaneous; a willingness that does not depend too much upon artificial stimulation. A cheerful readiness on the part of a majority of the American people to give the new deal a square deal, a fair and fervent trial, is imperatively called for. If we are com-

pelled to employ the boycott on a large scale, if we have to depend too much upon the philosophy of intimidation, if General Johnson has to be continually shaking the mailed fist in the face of hesitant groups of recalcitrant corporations, then the movement is destined for the rocks. Even now we are witnessing melancholy illustration of this in the collapse of prohibition. A number of factors enter into the fall of that social experiment, but the most fundamental one is the fact that the popular will was not enthusiastically behind it, because it had to depend too much upon political manipulation and

Coningsby M. Gordon

police coercion. And I say that with sorrow in my heart, for I am a sincere prohibitionist.

Second, it is a spirit of cooperative comradeship as opposed to either the isolationist or competitive attitude. It is quite conceivable that a corporation may comply with the technical requirements of the NRA, may even transcend those requirements, and yet may associate with such compliance a "stand-offishness" which can help defeat that social coherence necessary to its triumph. We have a great many Christians, you know, who wish to go it alone—who wish to be Christians all by their dear little selves; so they consistently refuse to share the corporate responsibilities of Christianity. You can build neither a church nor the NRA movement on such a temper. The Blue Eagle is not a Lone Eagle—it invites everybody to come aboard. It stands for a unitary enthusiasm, for team work, for social solidarity, for the glow and glory of community adventure.

Third, it is the spirit of just and generous social sharing as opposed to the spirit of individualistic selfishness. The most sinister threat to the NRA is that of selfishness. It is within the power of selfishness to ruin the whole grand scheme. For instance, the NRA sets no definite limits to the margin of profits. That major point is left to the generosity, or otherwise, of owners or employers. If they are satisfied with a moderate margin of profit and are big enough in heart to share the balance with their employes, success is assured; but if they insist upon taking their mighty maximums while the workers are left with their meager minimums, the project will be wrecked.

When London was reduced to ashes by the great fire of 1666, Christopher Wren came before the city council with proposals and blue-prints for a new and nobler city. Even at this distant day we find it hard to forgive the city fathers for not adopting those plans, for they embodied something of the stately spaciousness and splendor of Wren's own soul. I am told, however, that the plans could not be executed because so many of the citizens insisted upon their houses and stores being built exactly where they stood before the fire. Thus it was sheer selfishness that prevented the building of the magnificent London that Christopher Wren visualized in his mind, and it is sheer selfishness that can wreck the new and nobler economic order that exists in the creative mind of President Roosevelt. But the selfish man who obstructs the progress of the new deal is insufferably stupid, failing to recognize, as he does, that his own interests are deeply involved in the economic redemption of society and that in selfishly opposing the scheme he is probably signing his own economic death warrant. Selfishness in the end defeats itself.

The Spirit of Brotherhood

Fourth, it is the spirit of brotherhood as opposed to an egoistic selfhood. Brotherhood goes deeper than the social sharing of which we have just been speaking. It is indeed the spirit of which social sharing is the expression. It is based on the faith that we all belong to one family, that there is a blood bond uniting us all, that we are all children of God who is our Good Father whether we recognize him or not, and that we are all so intimately wrapped up in the bundle of life that one cannot suffer without all suffering. Economic callousness and greed is the blasphemy against the beauty of human brotherhood.

Fifth and finally, it is the spirit of exalted faith with its high adventure, noble courage, great expectancy and radiant optimism. This is a pioneering movement on a vast scale, a missionary movement if you please, involving great difficulties and severe hazards, calling for radical changes in our industrial habits and economic modes, demanding the harmonization of so many conflicting interests, and bidding us walk in paths untrodden and in fields unexplored, and to undertake it without bringing to it the adventurous faith of the conqueror is to doom it to disaster from the outset.

These, then, are the ingredients of the right spirit that must undergird and inspire the National Recovery Act. This is the spirit that can lift the great project out of the region of dreams into the realm of reality. Let us of the rank and file throw ourselves into it in this spirit and push forward with the New Deal to the New Day, a smile on our faces and a song in our hearts.

The Sword of Christ

By Charles L. Bromley

Think not that I came to send peace on the earth, I came not to send peace but a sword. Matthew 10:34.

THESE are strange words coming from the Prince of Peace; coming from a teacher who said, "Love your enemies," "Do good to them that despitefully use you," "Return good for evil." Strange words indeed coming from a Master who said "Follow me," and then died on a cross rather than take up a sword! Strange words coming from one who said to a disciple, "Put up again thy sword into its place, for all that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

"Think not that I came to send peace on the earth, I came not to send peace but a sword." What does Jesus mean? I think that just a moment's consideration of his life will reveal something of the meaning of these striking words. Jesus was meek, gentle as a woman, sympathetic, kindly, helpful: in his personal character he was all that could be desired in a Prince of Peace. But, at the same time, Jesus was the supreme trouble maker of his age. Jesus was not put to death in order that we might have a comfortable theology; he was put to death because he was the most dangerous citizen in Palestine, dangerous to the "status quo." Jesus was dangerous to the sellers of doves and sheep and to the money changers in the temple area, but he was more dangerous to the Sadducean politicians who shared the unholy graft. Jesus was dangerous to the religious customs and ceremonies of his day, but he was more dangerous to the Pharisaic taskmasters who lashed the people into obedience to the minutiae of the law. Jesus was dangerous to a blind, selfish nationalism, but he was more dangerous to the party of the Zealots who made capital out of bitterness, hatred and revenge. Jesus broke with a religious system which was concerned with ritual, but complacent in the face of injustice. He spoke witheringly of a parochial mind, "tithing mint and anise and cummin" and leaving undone "the weightier matters of the law." Jesus challenged the economic order of his day when he said to a rich young ruler, "Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Jesus disturbed the religious complacency of his day when he said, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Championing the Cause of Humanity

In a day when the value of human life and personality was at low ebb, Jesus so took up the cause of humanity that ever since there has been a conflict in the Christian world between personal and material values.

A Buddhist teacher defined religion as "a device to bring peace of mind in the midst of things as they are." That is exactly what the religion of Jesus was not! The religion of Jesus was, and is, a vision of conditions as they may, and should, be: a vision of the kingdom of God on earth, the will of God done among men as in heaven, and a clarion call to go out and make it so. The religion of Jesus is a challenge to mold the workaday world, by the grace of God, into a community living in accord with the purposes of God for his children.

One day, during the World War, some soldiers came crawling into a Y. M. C. A. hut after a desperate engagement. Half the squad had been killed. Kindly hands were quickly giving them hot coffee and a bite to eat. A padre was there doing his best, but it was difficult in those days to say anything. For the sake of trying to cheer the boys a bit he said: "Never mind, boys, you are making a new world." And one of the soldiers looked up and said: "No, Padre, we are not doing that. That is your business. We are smashing up the old." That boy had hold of a tremendous idea.

There are two kinds of swords in the world. The sword of steel which leaves behind it a trail of blood, which makes a highway of destruction, devastation and doom; which is stamped with the seal of bitterness, hatred, and death; which piles up burdens to crush oncoming generations, block their progress, and blight their souls. But there is another kind of sword, the sword of the spirit, the sword of Christ. It cleaves a highway through injustice, selfishness, inhumanity; it strikes down the evils which stand in the way of man's highest achievement, and blazes a path to the city of our God.

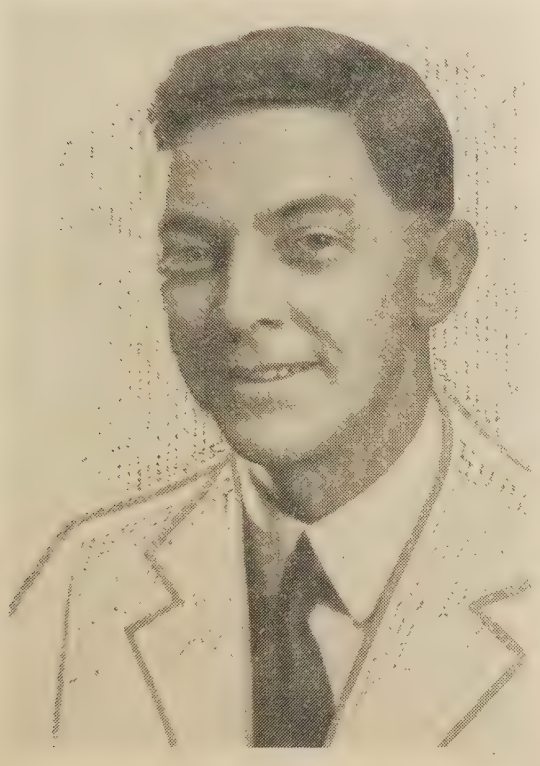
Early Church a Disruptive Force

I need not urge this generation to be rebellious and defiant. It is already both rebellious and defiant. But there are two kinds of rebels. There is one kind that only *rebels from.* We have too many of them. They are impatient of any restraint, obligation or necessity. They interpret freedom in terms of license, deceiving themselves into thinking that restraint enslaves. They are too shallow to perceive that restraint empowers. Throw the belt off the engine and the engine will pound itself to pieces: throw your motor out of clutch and let her run wide and you will harm your motor. But put on the belt, throw in the clutch, and that same engine will carry the load magnificently, the motor will speed you along to your heart's delight. An engine is made to carry a load and is only truly free when by belt or clutch it is hitched to that load. The people who only *rebel from* are not wise, they are headed for trouble. The wise people are the people who *rebel to*: the people who have caught a vision of something finer, truer, richer, more worthful; the people who see a promised land on ahead, and strike off the shackles that impede only that they may move forward to the greater and worthier things that are possible.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said—but I say unto you." Jesus did not release men, he challenged them to keener insights into obligations. He did not cast off moral restraint, he increased it. Jesus moved from the circumference to the center, from the temporal to the eternal, from the letter to the spirit.

The Christian church of the first century was a disruptive force. A prominent American sociologist says that there were twenty-five points at which it was at variance with the accepted thought and practice of the Roman world. "And Rome, which laughed off many

things, could not laugh off these Christians. What it did do one can gather from a two or three hour tour through the catacombs." The church of that age was composed of recreated men and women, and they were out to recreate the society in the midst of which they lived. They were a leaven in the lump, they were salt in the earth, they were light in the world. It was only when the emperor Constantine was converted, and the resources of the church greatly increased, and the church occupied the seats of the mighty, that the church passed out of the catacombs and the catacomb spirit passed out



Charles L. Bromley

of the church. But the church has never entirely got away from her Lord. Gladiatorial combats disappeared before the spirit of the church. Slavery, at least physical, has disappeared before the spirit of the church. Womanhood and childhood have risen to a new sense of value in the presence of the Christian spirit. The supreme worthfulness of human personality is beginning to dawn upon the minds of men. Brotherhood is not the idle dream it once was. World peace is at least being discussed. Today, as ever, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War." Who follows in his train?

Maltbie D. Babcock put the call into some stirring verses:

Be strong!
We are not here to play—to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not, the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce. O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

Where Our Generation Has Failed

Dr. John Ray Ewers, in a recent issue of The Christian Century Pulpit, sternly indicts our age. After paying his respects to the irreligion of many teachers in our educational institutions, he says: "Making proper allowance for the cynicism of professors; there is still another element which destroys the idealism of youth, and that is the greed of business men. It ruined the stock market, it filled our sweatshops, it broke our tender children in industry, it robbed workingmen of their just share of profits, it corrupted our cities, it created racketeering, it recruited the army of bootleggers, it rotted the fiber of business, it spoiled the morals of our political leaders.

"But it would be cowardly and unfair to blame the teachers of America, and the business men, and let the problem go at that. The churches are to blame. They have failed to make goodness attractive: they have not won, or even challenged, the youth. Divided, they have presented no unified message; worldly, they have created no passionate faith; selfish, they have aroused no powerful, crusading spirit for social causes.

"Why do we not see our youth flaming out against municipal corruption, demanding employment, breaking up racketeering, destroying graft and favoritism, speaking out for world peace, insisting on general disarmament—why? Because our youth have witnessed the evil example of an older generation, and have been reared in the poisonous air of a polluted society—a society of greed, a generation which, being too timid and too weak to create, has turned cynical."

What a charge! And the tragedy is that it is so near the truth. The Christian church has been complacent in the face of the unrighteousness of this day and generation. To save our souls we must take up the sword of our Christ.

"Think not that I came to send peace on the earth, I came not to send peace but a sword."

God Give Us Men!

GOD give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creed
Their large professions and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

The Dignity of the Minister

By Albert Buckner Coe

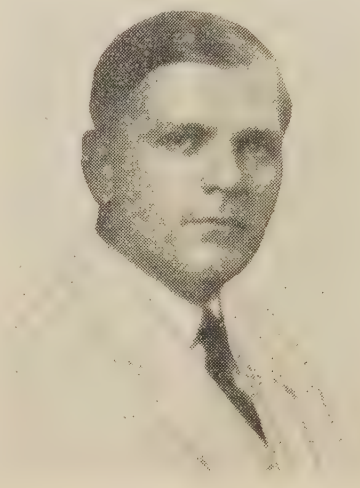
THE ministry is the most influential calling in the world today. The community generally looks to it with hope and expectation. Lacking the personal authority he once had, the minister now is considered, consciously or unconsciously, as a source of strength in sorrow, a moral reservoir in changing times and a spiritual storehouse in a world of material emphasis. If the individual minister fails in gaining a hearing he must not blame his failure upon the setting of the ministerial sun, but must take stock of his own personal inadequacies for the work.

The great task of the minister is to interpret God. In the process of that interpretation he draws upon every resource of his life—his powers of acquisition, his thought, his enthusiasm, his appearance, even his dignity. His associates think of him always as the interpreter of God. A business man may be respected for his money, though he may have little to commend him in other ways, but the minister is respected only when he shows forth God in every aspect of his life.

One of the requirements of a minister is dignity. The leaders of the church have for the most part been men of dignity. Paul adjured his followers, in spirit if not in word, to maintain the dignity of their calling. It was said of one of my predecessors in First Congregational church, Oak Park, Dr. William E. Barton, that he always carried in his personal bearing his appreciation of the supremacy of the ministry. His positive nature and his insistence upon technicalities could probably be laid at the door of his zeal for perfecting that holy office. The ministers of today must help through their own dignity to preserve the honor of the calling.

● *The Minister Out of the Pulpit*

Let us start with the humble matter of dress. It is all very well to speak of the lilies of the field, but dress is an ever present problem to a minister's mind and pocketbook. The minister should be neatly dressed at all times, and yet follow the advice of Polonius to his son: "Costly your habit as your purse can buy." Inexpensive clothes can be so well selected and can be so neatly pressed by ministerial arms (not his wife's) that they may make a well dressed man. Stated ministerial apparel is no longer in order. The old Prince Albert coat, worn on cold days with comfort and on hot days in agony, has all but departed. The minister now dresses like a business man. But the fact that he dresses in the clothes commonly worn by business men is no reason for having his clothes unpressed, or his coat off, or his sleeves rolled up, or suspenders showing. If he presents the argument that he cannot wear a



Albert Buckner Coe

belt, the answer must be that he is not practicing abstemiousness. He had better fast awhile in the desert until he acquires a godly girth.

The language of the minister must be at all times, whether on the street, on the golf course, or in the home, chaste and befitting his position. The minister who uses profanity on the golf course may feel that he is making a hit with his lay friends, but as a matter of fact business men want their minister to be pure in speech. They are even willing to do the swearing for him if he will only remember that while he may be an excellent golfer he is still one of their sources of inspiration. The purest English and the widest vocabulary, used on all occasions from the club house to the parlor with careful attention to economy, are expected of the minister.

● *Attitude Toward Women*

Dignity requires that a minister beware of freedom with women. Young ministers and elderly ministers are often at fault. A woman came to my father once and said, "If old Dr. —— doesn't stop coming into the kitchen and putting his arm about me I shall throw a dish at him." The ministry is an office of trust and an office of intimacy. The minister who poaches upon that trust is deserving of the most serious rebuke. Common sense should tell a minister that he receives more attention from women than he would if he were in any other profession. That very fact should make him guard his dignity for the sake of his own character and for the sake of his calling. I am reasonably sure that there would be fewer cases of embarrassment between ministers and women in their parishes if ministers at all times preserved their dignity and reasonable aloofness.

● *Dignity in the Pulpit*

The same minister who has walked along the street, attended a committee meeting in the town hall and played a game of golf must walk into his pulpit on Sunday morning, handle sacred objects and discuss sacred themes. Is it necessary for him to be so different in his bearing that his associates of the week must express amazement that this is the same man? Must a pious Sunday demeanor follow up a flippant week-day bearing? Certainly not. The naturalness of a gentleman should not vary noticeably from the naturalness of the man of God. The fragrance of the pulpit should follow the minister all through the week and back into the pulpit again on the following Sunday.

The pulpit is the most sacred spot in the world. There are some who bow down to the financier's desk or the editor's chair or the professor's platform, but the masses of people in their hearts hold the pulpit as of greatest meaning to them. Let the minister enter his pulpit in full comprehension of its importance. He is to conduct the worship of God; he is to speak for God. What a responsibility! The right sort of minister will come from his study which has been made into an altar of prayer. Solemnity, eagerness, earnestness and a yearning for God and man will be written on his face. A true minister will be dressed or robed inconspicuously. He will not enter his pulpit smiling and bowing to his people—that is friendly but not lasting. He will not wipe his face with his handkerchief—it is distracting to those who look at him. He may be nervous, but he will do his best to conceal it. He

will not become noticeably embarrassed if the tenor flats. He will not make long announcements. He will be bent on creating an atmosphere of worship and eager to make God real. Nothing else matters. He will be prepared in every part of the worship and avoid making foolish mistakes—remembering that when people come to church they bring their sense of humor with them.

● *Beware of Mannerisms!*

Mannerisms! They are the ruin of untold numbers of ministers. I know a minister who hurt his career by emitting "ahs" after every four or five words. It might be wise for all ministers to speak into a graphophone or a dictograph once a month and then listen for the peculiarities they have picked up. Another minister works his left arm overtime like a pump-handle. Another minister emphasizes the words "and," "if" "then" and "God" as though all were of equal importance. Another looks always to his right forgetting that there are also hungry sheep on his left. Another minister rubs his face so hard while sitting through the anthem that the congregation fears for his life. Mannerisms—the bane of the natural, dispellers of the spirit of God! The dignified minister will seek to rid himself of all such excess baggage. If he has an open-eyed wife, not afraid to speak the truth in love, he is of all men to be envied.

The dignified minister will not tell jokes in the pulpit in order to bring a laugh. There is a difference between the joke dragged in to make the congregation laugh and a humorous sally for the purpose of driving home a point. The dignified minister will not unnecessarily make reference to the common intimacies of life. I heard a prominent speaker in a church pulpit spoil a powerful message by inserting a discussion of tooth brushes, tooth washes and other processes of the toilet, to the embarrassment of a large audience. The Psalmist might look upon such a procedure as noisome pestilence.

● *Special Ministerial Offices*

The quiet, natural dignity of the minister is required in the conduct of communion, baptism, weddings and funerals. In this questioning world there are many who cannot see value in the communion service. Usually when such a doubting Thomas is discovered we find that his love for the communion has been taken away by some minister who has forgotten, if he ever knew, that silence and ritual and personal command are necessary in making the service beautiful. A high sense of dignity on the part of the minister will drive him to more careful and conscientious preparation.

Weddings require dignity in the minister to make them impressive and suggestive of a religious rite. Most ministers have had giggling brides, and sometimes giggling grooms, stand before them, who needed a double emphasis on the words, "and is therefore not to be entered into inadvisedly or lightly." Dignity, rooted in a realization of the importance of one's position, will require a minister to give meaning to the words, "until death us do part."

The dignity of the minister is also required in the baptismal service. Even if we do not believe in infant damnation, or that an unbaptized child will be lost, we do believe that the rite of baptism is a sacred recognition of the child as belonging to God and a dedication before men of the parents' lives to the purpose of bringing up the child in the admonition of the Lord. The baptismal service is not a laughing matter. It requires all of the godly dignity a minister can command to suggest to an adult congregation the solemnity of the occasion.

Funerals, likewise, demand dignity as well as high reverence. Those who mourn are placing deep confidence in the minister. He is conducting the last rites for the dear departed. His hands, his voice, his bearing suddenly take on unusual importance to those who mourn. A bereaved Catholic widow recently said to a Protestant minister before the funeral service of her husband: "I am going to call you Father, today. Remember, in your presence I shall find strength." What a responsibility for a minister! His dignity—quiet, strong, suggestive of God—was demanded.

● *How May the Minister Attain Dignity?*

Some ministers do not need to attain dignity. They were born with it, and are to be envied. But those who have been born to dignity must maintain it and those who have it not must acquire it. Let me make some suggestions as to a method for us all:

1. Associate with good books and big ideas. Great men often have major personal peculiarities in spite of their learning. But most men are given poise by reading Plato or Descartes. On my desk I see "The Learned Knife," by Lawrence Hyde. That is a dignifying book in substance and in suggestion. After reading it one is not apt to be shallow and superficial. Good hard reading is a corrective for the undignified.

2. Practice the art of listening. I have been impressed by the fact that most scholars not only converse little, but also give early evidence of being good listeners. Of course dullards may appear learned in this way, but after all they are soon found out. The man who talks without ceasing soon or late gives the impression that he is lacking in poise and dignity. The minister who, while making a pastoral call, does all the talking is not only revealing poor psychological judgment—he should be listening to the parents speak of Betty, Jane and Lewis, their children—but he is creating the impression that he is not in command of himself. He can improve his personal command by listening.

3. Take an intelligent interest in some of the major social problems. In this way one will reveal a life of sympathy for the flock without which one cannot fulfill one's ministry. For example, the most sinful institution in existence today is war. The minister who announces that he will never touch upon this major sin of society in his preaching is not only faithless in his allegiance to Christ, but he is headed for a life of shallowness and purposelessness, and therefore can have little dignity. Again, can one live in a world of plenty where men and women starve, without raising his voice in protest and suggestion? Or, can one behold a growing hatred of the Jew in this country and the world and never raise his voice against it in the name of Jesus, the Jew? It is our obligation as Christian ministers to cry out against these sins, and in doing so we secure the added boon of the increased dignity which we should crave.

● *"Take Jesus in Earnest"*

4. Live objectively and subjectively the life of Jesus as far as it is within one's power. I do not know how accurate are the likenesses we have of Jesus, but I do know that a satisfying calmness comes over me when I look for awhile at Hoffmann's "Christ in Gethsemane" or da Vinci's "The Last Supper." In the bedroom of one of my children there hangs a beautiful study of Jesus in the temple. The child, upon retiring at night and arising in the morning, has indelibly implanted in him the dignifying impression of the Christ. We must also study the words of Jesus and his approach to the great problems of his day with a view to applying his mind to problems of our day. In 1923, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, addressing the National Council of Congregational Churches in Springfield, repeated again and again, "Take Jesus in earnest." I do not remember what else the speaker said, but I think that since that day I have been ennobled and dignified by trying to heed that injunction.

The minister's dignity is a matter of grave importance to all who really care for the grandeur of the ministerial calling—a grandeur which must be maintained in order that the word of truth may be borne to a yearning world. I plead for dignity in the ministry.

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

BORN in Glasgow, Scotland, Rev. ANDREW GILLIES was early brought to America. His education was received at Wesleyan university, in Connecticut, where he was awarded an A. B. degree, *cum laude.* Ordained in the Methodist ministry, his early pastorates were in Vermont and New York. From St. Andrew's church, New York city, he went to Hennepin Avenue Methodist church, Minneapolis, where he had a long ministry. Since 1925 he has been pastor at Third Presbyterian church, Rochester, N. Y.

Since 1927 *Rev.* ALBERT D. BELDEN has ministered at the famous Whitefield's Central Mission church, Tottenham Court road, London. Earlier pastorates were at Banbury and Westcliff-on-Sea; his ministry at Westcliff covered 15 years. Dr. Belden was awarded his A. B. degree by New college, Hampstead, University of London. Among his many books are "The Greater Christ" and "Voices of the Great Creator."

An Australian by birth, Rev. O. W. S. MCCALL received his academic education at the University of Melbourne. He was ordained in the Methodist ministry and held pastorates in Australia from 1912 to 1917, and again in 1919-21. He came to America in 1921, and since 1922 has ministered at First Congregational church, Berkeley, Cal.

Rev. WILLIAM O. BRUCKNER *graduated* at Harvard university, being awarded a B. S. degree, *magna cum laude.* He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He prepared for the ministry at the Lutheran theological seminary, in Philadelphia, 1925-28. Since the year of his graduation there, Dr. Bruckner has served as minister of the First English Lutheran church, in Bridgeport, Conn.

Rev. ALFRED W. SWAN *was born in* China. He received his academic education at the College of Wooster (Ohio), being awarded there an A. B. degree, *cum laude.* He studied for a time at Western seminary, Pittsburgh, and McCormick seminary, Chicago, and received his B. D. degree at Union seminary. His earlier pastorates were at Marion, O., and Greeley, Colo., and since 1930 he has ministered to the First Congregational church in Madison, Wis.

Born in Australia, Rev. CONINGSBY M. GORDON received his higher education in this country. He graduated from the College of the Bible, Lexington, Ky., and later was awarded S.T.B. and M.A. degrees at Butler college and Harvard university respectively. For five years he was pastor of the Church of Christ in Melbourne, Australia, and for about two years served as executive secretary of the council of churches in Atlantic city, N. J. During the past seven years he has ministered at First Christian church, Norfolk, Va.

Following his graduation at Rochester theological seminary, in 1911, Rev. CHARLES L. BROMLEY went to China under the American Baptist foreign mistionary society. He taught in Shanghai Baptist college for four years, and during the following five years was in charge of the city work in Ningpo, Chekiang. Returning to this country in 1926, he was called to the pastorate of First Baptist church, Wheaton, Ill., then to First Baptist church, Urbana, Ill., his present charge.

Rev. GEORGE C. PIDGEON *is minister* at the Bloor Street United church, Toronto. He was the first moderator, in 1925, of the United Church of Canada.

Rev. ALBERT BUCKNER COE *is minister* of the First Congregational church, Oak Park, Ill.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

H. INGHAM, Congregational, Highbury, London. "Faith for the Times." Hab. 2:1—"I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will look forth to see what He will speak with me, and what He shall answer concerning my complaint."

SHELDON SHEPARD, First Universalist, Los Angeles. "In a Heartless World." Phil. 2:4—"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

. . . . . .
Title of sermon

. . . . . .
Text used (Write out the text)

. . . . . .
Name of minister

. . . . . .
Name of church

. . . . . .
Address

WARREN C. TAYLOR, Forest Avenue Baptist, Des Moines. "The Adolescence of the World." 1 Cor. 13:11—"Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things."

RALPH H. READ, Hollis Avenue Congregational, Bellaire, L. I. "The Reconstructed Life." Mark 10:21—"Jesus looking upon him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest . . . ."

CHARLES A. ROWAND, First Methodist, Newark, O. "The Stewardship of Mystery." 1 Cor. 4:1—"Stewards of the mysteries of God."

CHARLES D. BRODHEAD, Wesley Methodist, Bethlehem, Pa. "Not Revenues, but Righteousness." Prov. 16:8—"Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues with injustice."

FRED R. HARRISON, First Methodist, South, Malvern, Ark. "The Christian Code." Matt. 16:24—"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me."

J. O. HAYMES, First Methodist, Lubbock, Tex. "The Peril of Answered Prayer." Psa. 106:15—"And he gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul."

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

AFTER many months in which international problems have been in a state of almost total eclipse caused by the absorption of every nation in its own plans for economic recovery, the assembly of the League of Nations meets once again. There is something reassuring not only in the fact that the League exists, but that it has a stated annual time of meeting, and that therefore, whatever the preoccupations of the individual nations may be with their own affairs, their relations with one another must be faced at least once a year. This year the disarmament conference reconvenes on the heels of the league assembly, and the main matter before the assembly appears to be the arranging of the setup for the disarmament conference. At the moment, disarmament hopes which were all but dead have taken on the semblance of life and promise. France has proposed a wholly new formula which in its broadest outlines is to stop all armament and military expansion for four years under an eight year treaty, to create an international supervisory commission with "automatic" power to investigate the armament activity of every nation with an eye to the faithful keeping of the treaty, and finally, if the first four years are satisfactorily passed, to devote the later four years to a drastic reduction. Innumerable questions for debate are involved in this simple outline, but there are tokens that the formula is meeting with increasing favor among the powers concerned, including the United States. America's policy under President Roosevelt is more flexible, perhaps, and less meticulous about marginal points than under his republican predecessors.

League Assembly Meets Again

The Book of the Month

WHAT CAN WE BELIEVE? *By James Gordon Gilkey. The Macmillan Company,* $1.50.

THIS is a book for both laymen and ministers. It will have special value for ministers because it is so evidently written for the layman. Dr. Gilkey's mind is an interesting combination of scholarly information, keen powers of analysis and a lot of just plain common sense. A long-practiced pastor, he has been constantly beset with the religious problem as it presents itself to the plain man. His book seems to me to be a kind of distillation of his pastoral experience in both preaching and personally ministering to those whose minds are perplexed about the things for which the Christian church stands. He faces the most acute questions boldly and frankly. It is perfectly clear that he wants to be honest with himself as well as with his inquirer. He never seems to betray a professional bias by twisting the truth to fit the interest of his ecclesiastical or ministerial status. No, he meets each question in an honest, man to man fashion which begets confidence in his readers. In ten chapters he discusses what we modern people can believe about God, about suffering, about immortality, about prayer, about God's care, about right and wrong, about sin, about Jesus and about the future Protestantism. The book will enrich every minister's homiletic store, but more than that, it will add to his equipment for dealing with distressed minds a quality of wisdom which the modern minister so much and so constantly needs.

A Thought for the Month

A DOCTRINE has gained circulation among us to the effect that belief in God obstructs human initiative and responsibility, that man will never undertake the task of building a world of justice and joy so long as his thoughts are cluttered up with the notion that God has anything to do with the enterprise. When men get rid of God, we are told, they will become strong and will assert their strength and their intelligence and build a new world. This kind of "humanism" says that so long as we believe in God we will adopt the quietistic attitude of "letting God do it," we will follow a policy of "watchful waiting," a passive policy of resignation, accepting the status quo as the will of God. This doctrine is contradicted by the major facts of history and human experience. Great men—our most heroic leaders—have found their source of strength in the belief that they were instruments of a power not themselves which carried them on to a destiny transcending their own vision but which they trusted as the supreme good. Socrates with his daemon, Napoleon with his star, Lincoln declaring that it was not so important that God should be on our side as that we should be on God's side, are all illustrations of the invigorating influence of the sense of dependence upon a superhuman power. Calvinism with its theological determinism has never been charged with producing enervated human weaklings! On the contrary, it stimulated men to action, it made them brave, it prompted them to take initiative and to project high enterprise in the faith that they were working with God. I wonder if the vigor and passion of the communist regime in Russia is not largely derived from the Marxian deterministic philosophy which sees the world operating under an inexorable economic law of which the revolution is nothing but a human instrument. After all, it is faith that makes men and societies great. And faith means dependence upon a power that is superior to ourselves and all our schemes. This faith can be abused, it can be exploited, as it is in Russia, as it has been in eastern religions, as it has been in Christian history. But to charge it with weakening the human will is to fly in the face of everything we know about human nature.

Man's Will and God's Purpose

Charles Clayton Morrison

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